

And the people not only gave their sons and their money, but with these they gave themselves to the winning of the war. All the moral and spiritual forces of the State were mobilized in magnificent array. Before their resolute advance no slackerism could stand, and in their shining presence no selfish thought could live.

It would ill become the exalted dignity of their character to cheapen the women of the State with fulsome praise. Suffice it to say that once again they exemplified and glorified the genius of woman for sacrificial service. They gave their sons to the Nation and to humanity, while their eyes flashed and their hearts bled. They worked as hard as the men worked, and prayed more. In a hundred ways they contributed to the physical comfort of the soldiers and then broke for them the alabaster box of immeasurable love, whose fragrance fills the earth.

It would be unjust to close this review of the war without making special mention of the men who administered the Selective Service Law. These men have been the shock absorbers in the engine of war. They stood between the Government and the people and got hard kicks from both. Theirs was the hardest, most thankless, and, at the same time, the most necessary work of the war. They did it miraculously well, and in the presence of this assembly I want to voice acknowledgement of the debt the State can never pay.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

But why did we fight, and for what? To shift Prussianism from Potsdam to Washington? To transfer militarism from Germany to France? To dethrone autoeracy in Berlin and set it up in London? It is not so written in the call to arms. The President proclaimed that we are going to war to destroy autoeracy wherever found, to send militarism to the scrap-heap of civilization, and to secure blessings of liberty under laws of righteousness for all the children of men. Amid the clamor and confusion of social and political strife, above the tread of hostile armies, his voice rang out like the prophet in the wilderness proclaiming a new dispensation in the life of nations. The whole world was fascinated by the celestial note in that high, clear call. Ministers of the Gospel stood behind the sacred desk and in the name of the Prince of Peace urged men to go forth to war. Teachers gathered children about them and fired their young hearts with the story that America was fighting that every child in all the earth might enter into its birth-right of happiness and hope. Gentle women thrust guns into the hands of their sons and sped them forth to battle for a civilization that would forever guard the weak from the rapacity of the strong. All classes and conditions of men stood upon a hundred thousand platforms and burned into the hearts of the people that we were pouring out our blood and treasure in order to dig up militarism root and branch, and burn it in the unquenchable fire of humanity's righteous wrath. The press in ten million flaming headlines proclaimed that we were in a death-grapple with the very soul of war, and that the Nation must never lower its arms until Prussianism and all its preachments should be swept from the earth forever and forever.

In such fashion and for such purpose this Nation went to war; but now when victory has come we find in certain quarters a sudden change of front. Envy is spreading its deadly poison and avarice would capitalize the blood of the slain. In high quarters we hear the insidious suggestion that it was well to kneel before our altars while men were dying for the faith, but now practical men will consign